This Week
MAGAZINE

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.
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Dawn brought something that caused a sensation

THE DAY THE FLAGS WENT UP

by Godfrey Winn

PQ.17. That was the secret name for our convoy — the seventeenth to run the North Sea gauntlet to Russia. Mention the name to any seaman who sailed that route during the war and you will see his face change. For that matter, I have never been able to care for the number 17 since then. It has a sinister sound.

And yet we started out on the run with high hopes. It was the end of June, 1942; the weather was misty but not rough. I was on a British warship, one of the escort vessels that had gathered together in an Icelandic fjord, waiting for the signal to sail and pick up 36 Liberty ships that were already on their way from the other side of the Atlantic.

At the appointed hour we set forth. On the dot we caught sight of our ships, coming out of the mist. Fine Liberty ships they were too, loaded down to the deck line with their precious cargo. On spotting us they swung into 12 lines, while the escorts took up positions on the flanks, like sheep dogs.

A SHIP called the *Hoosier* was just opposite us. "Give them a tune of welcome," our Captain on the bridge said over the voice pipe. Immediately the tune "Anchors Aweigh" started over the loudspeakers, the boys on the *Hoosier* came tumbling up on deck, dancing a jig and throwing their fur caps in the air. I remember how the flag on her masthead looked — so tattered and blackened by smoke that the Stars and Stripes were hardly visible.

I suppose I remember these details so clearly because of what happened later on.

First we had the Heinkels coming in at mast height to nibble at the convoy. And then the Junkers, so harmless and remote — like flies on the ceiling of the world — until they started dropping their eggs. Huge waterspouts enveloped the Liberty ships with their superb names — the *Ocean Freedom*, the *Benjamin Franklin*.

The enemy's first attacks sank only one ship, the *Christopher Newport*, and that one in the middle of the night, from a sub. She was on the other side of the convoy, so she wasn't our pigeon. It sobered us, just the same. We were pretty silent on the bridge for the rest of the night.

Suddenly at dawn something happened that caused a sensation.

ACROSS the whole convoy every American ship was hauling down her flag. We couldn't believe our eyes. Why, that meant surrender! What else could it mean? But then — while we were still arguing — up went the flags again. Only new ones this time, clean fresh flags to replace the old dirty ones. They went up all in one sweep, in a grand concerted movement. I can tell you, it made a brave show.

Our boys were puzzled for a moment. Why this particular dawn for a show of fresh colors? One of the lookouts on the bridge was the first to get it. He bawled out: "Cor blimey, sir, I know what it is. It must be their Independence Day."

And so it was. The Fourth of July, 1942.

It was nothing more than a gesture. Bitter losses lay ahead; most of the ships that sailed so gallantly that day would be sunk before we reached port. And yet I shall never forget my exhilaration at that moment when the fresh clean flags went up over those hostile waters. They celebrated American independence from Great Britain, but they symbolized a freedom we all understood.

Sidelines

ON YOUR LEFT. Today we begin a new series on this page. Godfrey Winn's story is, for us, a very moving example of what we will call our "Stories To Remember."

From the beginning of time, storytellers have had a great influence on the minds of their fellow men. The Editors hope to make this a page which brings you the best brief stories of all time. Some, like Mr. Winn's, will be from our own period. Others will be classics which have come down through the centuries. For instance, our next story, "The First Woman," will be retold from a Sanskrit original thousands of years old.

We feel that "Stories To Remember" will make a fitting supplement to our "Words To Live By" selections, which will continue to appear on this page from time to time.

Godfrey Winn

HIGH BRACKETS. We note that a man named Jack Benny has lately been drawing down $50,000 a week, or about $600 an hour, for personal appearances. But 75 years ago, Tom Nickerson, of Kansas, did almost as well. He averaged $450 worth of buffalo an hour during a wild-game hunt. At one point he knocked off a buffalo every 20 seconds.

This Week Magazine

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

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Cover by Leslie Saalberg

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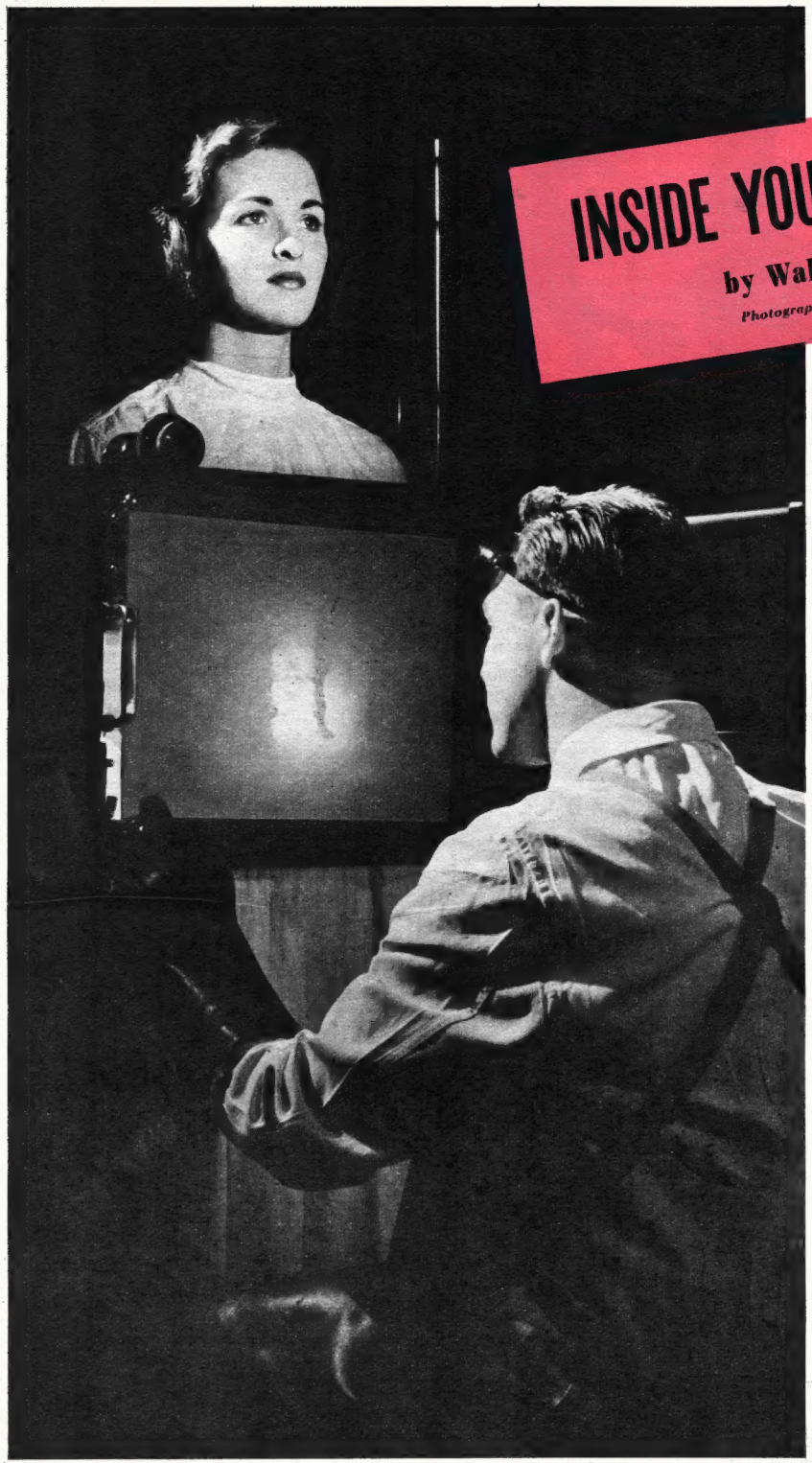

TECHNIQUE for stomach study; patient swallows barium, enabling doctor to see movement and contour in fluoroscope

INSIDE YOUR STOMACH

by Walter Walker

Photographs by George Karger

Doctors now know what goes on there. Thanks to Tom, a man who's had a "window" in his stomach for 50 years

FOR hundreds of years, doctors have worried about stomach aches.

Physicians have long known that abdominal pain is not always "just something I ate." They have known of the close connection between the functioning of your stomach and your general well-being. Worriers, for example, often get stomach aches, even develop ulcers. But, until recently, doctors have not been able to learn exactly how your stomach reacts to the trials and triumphs of your everyday life.

Now medical men can give a play-by-play description of your inner reaction to all kinds of situations. They can do this because two doctors have made a long, careful observation of a man with a window in his stomach.

The man is named Tom. For 50 years he has fed himself through a permanent opening which leads directly into his stomach. Through this opening, Dr. Stewart Wolf and Dr. Harold G. Wolff have studied Tom's stomach for the past six years under all sorts of circumstances. I have seen Tom and discussed his case extensively with the two doctors.

Accident in the Kitchen

THEY have watched Tom's stomach when he was depressed and discouraged, when he was angry, when afraid, when a death occurred in his family, when his wife disobeyed him and went to work, when his daughter was married. What the doctors have learned from these studies may help you to understand more about your own stomach troubles.

One afternoon long ago, when he was nine years old, Tom came into his mother's kitchen and saw a beer pail. Meaning to sneak a forbidden drink, he snatched up the pail and took a big gulp. The pail contained scalding hot chowder.

To save Tom's life, the doctors had to perform a gastrostomy. An opening was made into the stomach through which Tom has taken food and drink ever since. His throat is permanently sealed.

Tom grew up like any other boy. He played football. He asked no special consideration. More than once, someone tried to pity him and got a good sock in the jaw.

Very few people knew of the window in Tom's stomach, for he was careful to keep the fact concealed. He made many nimble excuses to avoid eating or drinking in public.

Led a Normal Life

TOM left school and began working when he was 10. Eventually, he got a job in a theater and worked his way up to stage manager. When he was 28, he married a young woman who knew of his gastrostomy. They have lived happily together ever since — bringing up an attractive daughter.

Tom always earned a fair living for his family, but when he was 53, the physical work he was doing caused his stomach opening to bleed. He was no longer able to do hard labor. At this time he was induced to come to New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College by the offer of a job. Only after he made sure that he was being offered an honest job and not just make-work did he consent to come and co-operate with Dr. Wolf and Dr. Wolff, on their study, "Human Gastric Function" (Oxford University Press). Tom's faithful collaboration in the testing and observation of his stomach has resulted in an important contribution to medical knowledge.

Today Tom is a good-spirited man of 60. He does his work effectively and cheerfully. He is somewhat shy, and he can be stubborn. A proud man, he sets great store by independence and self-sufficiency. Since he allows only a few intimates to see him eat, his social life is carefully limited.

Tom eats twice a day, first chewing the food, then funneling it through a tube directly into his stomach. He eats little meat because it take too long to digest. He smokes a pipe. Between meals he stops his stomach opening with a gauze pad held in place by an abdominal belt.

The doctors have studied Tom's stomach under many experimental conditions and real-life situations. Through a lighted viewing tube, they look at the inside of the organ. Using a thin rubber tube, they collect the gastric juices for analysis. A transparent balloon is inflated within the stomach to brace the walls apart and also to reflect muscular movement. This balloon is connected by tube to a glass jar half-filled with water and containing a floating cork with a writing arm. As the stomach muscles contract and expand, the balloon is squeezed and these movements are communicated to the water. This jiggles the cork and causes the attached pen to trace a jerky line on a revolving drum of paper. The doctors are able to study simultaneously the blood flow, secretion, and movement in Tom's stomach.

What happens, for instance, when Tom is angry?

Once, Tom was having a routine physical checkup in another department of the hospital. The examination dragged on too long to suit him. When he wanted to leave, a bossy secretary refused to let him. He insisted; she got angry.

How to Get an Ulcer

WHEN finally he did return to the laboratory, Tom was bursting with resentment. He muttered: "I wish I could get my hands on her neck!"

The doctors examined his stomach and found it in the condition it would be in if he were about to devour a big meal. The stomach lining was swollen, the flow of gastric juice was three times normal.

When the stomach is in this condition, it is well suited to manufacture an ulcer. The blood vessels in its inner lining swell and stretch. The overflow of acid begins to wash away the coating which usually armor-plates these blood vessels. The stomach muscles are working like an angry fist, clenching and unclenching. If this activity is frequent and prolonged, an overstretched blood vessel may burst and the acid can then begin to eat away at this exposed tissue. When the stomach begins to eat itself, you get an ulcer.

After Tom's run-in with the unsympathetic secretary, his stomach was in this overactive state.

For the first half hour, the doctors let Tom stew. They talked to him about his experience in a purposely unfriendly way. Tom's anger increased and likewise his stomach acidity increased. Then the doctors changed the subject. Tom began to cheer up, and the acid output in his stomach slowed down. Also the blood vessels began to lose their swelling.

After about 30 minutes, the doctors ran out of cheerful conversation. Tom grew silent and began to brood over his mistreatment. As his anger and resentment returned, his stomach again became highly active. It was only after he had finally worked off his angry mood that his stomach quieted down.

Fear dictates a different reaction. On another occasion Tom was taking it easy on a cot in the quiet hospital laboratory while Dr. Wolf was making some routine tests. Suddenly the door burst open. A white-coated, red-faced doctor strode into the room. He stomped over to a desk, jerked open a drawer. He pawed through the papers there and began quietly swearing. Then he grabbed up a black notebook, shot an angry look at Tom, and stalked out of the room.

Dr. Wolf said, "Now I wonder what was troubling him?"

For a moment, Tom didn't answer. Then he said, "That record book of his. It wasn't where it's supposed to be."

"Did you move it?"

"Yeah," Tom said grumpily. "I forgot to put it back. But he's got no cause to act so high and mighty."

He Wanted to Hide

DR. WOLF walked over to the cot and looked down at Tom's midriff. He peered through the viewing tube into Tom's stomach. Here is what he learned:

During the five minutes that the doctor was angrily searching for the misplaced notebook, Tom's stomach turned from scarlet red to yellowish pink as the blood flow decreased. Acid flow likewise decreased. Muscular activity was slight.

In a manner of speaking, you might say that Tom's stomach tried to be quiet, small and invisible — which is about the way Tom felt: he wanted to hide.

The doctors sum up Tom's behavior in this way:

When Tom finds himself in a threatening situation, he is struggling with two emotions: he wants to be strong and self-assertive, but he feels a deep need to be helped and liked by others. **So in any crisis he will either bluster it out as in the first case (anger); or try to hide and hope no one will notice him as in the second case (fear).**

"Implicit in these reactions," says their report, "was found a strong desire to fight off the possible consequences of the threat, usually a disgrace of some sort or slight to his capacities for performance as a man, a trusted employee, or head of the house. His way of dealing with such threats usually involved some . . . shifting [of] responsibility for failure to others."

For instance, he blamed the bossy secretary for their squabble because her attitude made him feel insignificant and less a man. The accompanying changes in Tom's stomach were those of overfunction and oversecretion, which increased

Continued on next page

WHAT TOM SHOWS YOU ABOUT YOURSELF

WHAT practical lessons can we learn from this study of Tom's stomach? The answer is a psycho-somatic one. This term means that what goes on in our minds is inextricably related to the functioning of our bodies.

When Tom was fearful, when he felt overwhelmed by a situation and refused to face it, his stomach was underactive. Such underfunctioning, if prolonged, can lead to illness.

When Tom tried to cope with a situation but could find no real way to handle it and so gave way to anger and frustration, his stomach was overactive. This, too, may lead to injury.

When Tom dealt with a tough situation hopefully and effectively, his stomach functioned normally. This is the constructive way of dealing with life problems and is the mark of a well-adjusted human being.

DIAGRAM: Patient has swallowed a balloon on the end of a tube. As stomach expands and contracts, kimograph needle records changes

"Jim raved about that cake—and it *was* light as a cloud and deliciously rich! All because I'd learned a bit of baking magic.

"Such EASY magic, too. I just used Crisco and a new Crisco Success Cake recipe. The combination's unbeatable! You get better cakes on *every* count—richer, lighter, tenderer, moister. Crisco gives you cakes such as no other type of shortening can, 'cause Crisco has a *baking secret*. And these Success Cake recipes take *special* advantage of it.

"And think of it—Crisco's new recipes are actually *quicker*, too. It takes only 4½ minutes to mix a Crisco Success Cake. Of course, Crisco is perfect with any recipe, but Crisco plus the Success Cake method is absolutely tops.

"I sure COULD have kicked myself! Imagine *my* not having tried Crisco for cakes *long* ago. Why, I've *always* used it for frying. 9 out of 10 doctors say Crisco is digestible. Now I'll depend on it for *everything*—cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

WHITE MAGIC CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE ICING

Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before. Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with new Crisco can we promise you a better cake on every count!

Measure into mixing bowl (*All Measurements Level*):

2 cups cake flour
(sifted before measuring)
1½ cups sugar • ⅓ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

3½ tsps. baking powder*
Add: **4 egg whites (unbeaten)**
⅓ cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 25 minutes. Frost with your favorite chocolate icing. Decorate with chopped nuts.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4½ tsps.*

★ ★ ★

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it's digestible!

INSIDE YOUR STOMACH

Continued from preceding page

the danger of injury to the lining of the stomach.

"More rarely," the doctors continue, "and mainly in situations beyond help, Tom's reaction was one of dejection and defeat with implicit desire to get out from under rather than to fight back." The angry doctor was to Tom an authority he was powerless to cope with. In such situations his stomach was underactive.

This connection between inner conflict and illness has also been studied from the psychological viewpoint. Dr. Frederick A. Weiss, a psychoanalyst, says: "There are many conflicts, but the basic conflict of the neurotic of our time is that between the neurotic needs for dependency and for competitive aggression. Elements in our present society tend to foster this conflict."

Internal Warfare

IN EVERYDAY terms, this means that a man may be dependent on his fellow workers, yet ambition will drive him to try to get ahead of them. A woman is dependent on her circle of friends, yet she may be driven to outshine them. Such conflicts do harm to our real friendliness and to our inner peace.

This internal warfare is frequently found in people with ulcers. Dr. Harold Wolff — working with Dr. Bela Mittelmann — made an extensive study of ulcer patients, describes the typical sufferer like this:

"Behind the facade of independence and self-sufficiency was a background of long-standing and severe anxiety, of feelings of helplessness, frustration and desperation. These patients commonly showed assertive independence and self-sufficiency, covering underlying insecurity, and accompanied by feelings of resentment and hostility. . . Feelings of guilt and self-condemnation were common." The patient is usually not aware of these contradictions within himself.

"It is a mistake," warns Dr. Wolff, "to say that emotional conflict *causes* physical illness, or that physical disturbance *causes* mental illness. The illness grows out of the individual's reaction to his life situation. And the disturbance affects not 'a mind' or 'a body' but a man — an individual."

The Real Problem

BOTH doctors are scientifically cautious — and modest — in summing up the results of their study.

Their conclusion: "It is to be hoped that factors of emotional conflict on the one hand, and security on the other, will be more directly dealt with in the future. When they are, the error will be made less often of attributing specific curative effects to a particular surgical, dietary, or chemo-therapeutic measure which happens to correspond in time to regaining of self-confidence by the patient. Dealing actively with the patient's life situation and his reactions to it may then be adequately judged as a means for control of 'dyspepsia,' gastritis, and peptic ulcer."

In treating stomach ailments, the problem is really care of the man rather than merely his stomach.

Tom's own opinion is similar. He says: "When things are going along all right and the family's okay, my stomach don't bother me. It's when I get in trouble, like when I couldn't work — that's when I get the belly ache." *The End*

"When may I see you again?"

HERE'S YOUR VACATION

by Oscar Schisgall

Photograph by J. Julius Fanta

National Forests provide 154 answers to your annual problem. You can hunt, fish, swim or just sleep under a tree

HAS anyone told you you looked a little tired lately and needed a change? This is the time of year when all good men scratch their heads and wonder where to take the family on its vacation — at reasonable cost.

You can stop wondering. The Government — more specifically, the Department of Agriculture — has 154 suggestions to solve your problem. And every one of them directs you to a resort which is your own property. As an American citizen you are co-owner of 179 million acres of public lands in the National Forests. This vast territory, divided into 154 parts, represents one tenth of the United States. It is administered by the U. S. Forest Service, and practically all of it is yours to enjoy, summer or winter.

What's more, some section of it is sure to be close to your home. The 154 forests are spread through 42 states. And they offer every conceivable facility for fun. **There are picnic tables, cabins and camp sites, rivers and trails, for short week ends or long weeks. .**

If you prefer luxury to the primitive life, and if you're willing to pay from $8 to $12 a day, that, too, can be arranged. There are a few celebrated hotels in the Forests, leased to private enterprise but supervised by the Government.

Or, you may be one of those happy souls who can take the whole summer off every year. In that case you can build your own home in a National Forest — say a log cabin near a high, cool mountain lake. You won't be pioneering — 13,000 people have already built such homes. The land on which they stand can't be bought from the Government but it can be rented for $15 to $25 per lot annually.

It's All Free

THE chances are, however, you'll have only a few weeks for your vacation. You will stay at a ranch or lodging house, live in cabins, or put up a tent and take completely to the rustic life.

Whichever you do, the Forest Service is ready for you with 137,000 miles of forest roads and highways; 15,000 miles of trails for hiking or riding; 70,000 miles of streams for fishing, bathing, or just plain splashing; thousands of lakes and ponds; some of the country's most stately mountains; magnificent forests, and, in winter, hundreds of ski trails.

And there is no admission charge to any of these. They're all free.

How do you decide which Forest to visit?

The country is divided into nine National Forest Regions, each in charge of a Regional Forester. Write to whichever of the nine Foresters is nearest to the section you want to visit (see below) for full information about the attractions of his area.

The Eastern Forests, though they have beauties of their own, are in general not as large or as wild as those of the West. With a fairly long vacation in prospect and a yen for the wilds, you're aiming, let's say, at some spot west of the Mississippi.

Inside the Forest, if you live in a cabin (these are privately owned), you'll pay about $2.50 a night per person. Should you take a tent or a trailer along, there's no camping charge at all — and you'll find quite a few camp sites equipped with water, toilet facilities, and arrangements for garbage disposal.

For sight-seeing trips by pack horse, you'll pay an average of $3 to $5 per day for the horse, or $15 a week; and if you hire a guide, he'll cost from $5 to $7 a day — but he'll also do the cooking and the horse wrangling.

Rustic or Not

YOU don't *have* to live in a camp or in a cabin. Throughout the West there are privately owned ranches inside the National Forests, many of them dude ranches catering to guests.

In towns just outside the Forests you can usually find small hotels, cabins, and tourist houses. Two to $3 a night per person usually covers the cost of lodging.

The National Forests are a naturalist's paradise. They contain almost every kind of American tree. They're populated with every variety of American bird and virtually all species of game and fish.

It may well be that some members of your family, caught by wanderlust, will decide to take a conducted "trail riding" trip on horseback. In several places the American Forestry Association sponsors such excursions. They lead, under competent guidance, into some of the most beautiful wilderness regions of the West. Lasting from 10 to 15 days, they cost from $125 to $175 a person.

Here's the invitation: the mountains, the canyons, the waterfalls are waiting; the trout are lying in the streams; the horses are ready to carry you up the winding trails. This is the time to give those National Forests some serious thought because — well, pretty soon you'll be looking tired again. What you'll need is a change.

WHERE TO WRITE. ***Regional Foresters are located in Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Missoula, Mont.; Denver, Colo.; Portland, Ore.; San Francisco, Calif.; Atlanta, Ga.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Ogden, Utah.***

THOUSANDS of lakes, 70,000 miles of streams — and they all belong to you

THE REBELLIOUS HEART

War clouds hovered over Concord that spring of 1775. Deborah's love was engulfed in the conflict which flamed on an April morning when the Redcoats marched

A Short Story

by JACKSON HARVEY

EARLY that afternoon, when her mother brought the news about Todd, the gathering rebellion against the British became real to Deborah.

"The patriots have told Todd Fletcher to go," Mrs. Clark said, untying her bonnet. Deborah felt quick pressure on her linen bodice, as though the lacings had pulled taut. "They say the boy talked too much in Amos Wright's tavern last night. He should have known better — with feeling the way it is."

Deborah stared at her mother, unbelieving. She had seen plenty of Tories driven out of their village, to take refuge behind the firelocks of General Gage's regulars in Boston. But Todd was different. He was irresponsible, she supposed, but he had a sense of the world that was exciting to a girl of seventeen.

"They couldn't be so cruel!" she said. 'Todd wouldn't harm the patriots' cause."

"Talk's a sin these days if the words aren't right," her mother said.

Yes, Deborah knew that was true, but it would make Todd's going no easier to bear. Ever since the patriots had begun filling Concord with military stores, she had thought of these preparations as only a shadowy defiance of royal authority. Todd had kept her from realizing that the conflict must break forth suddenly, a thing of musket shots instead of petitions to the King.

"But whatever Todd said, he'd have been joking," Deborah cried, sinking into a chair. "They couldn't drive him out for that." She looked up piteously. "Could they?"

The older woman put a hand on her shoulder. "You'll miss Todd," was all she could say.

DEBORAH stared at the glowing logs in the deep fireplace, her thoughts racing in a kind of panic. *Miss him?* There was so little laughter in Concord that spring of '75; but she could forget the tension when Todd was near. She rose suddenly. "I'm going to see Giles Hartley," she said impulsively. "He's grown up with Todd and knows he's not a Tory. The others will listen to Giles."

But as she hurried along the road to the North Bridge, the confidence faded. Giles was a minute man and like the others now — so filled with sullen anger at the British that all laughter was gone from him. Sympathy and tenderness lay underneath; she knew that. Walking along this river only a year ago, she'd seen more in his dark eyes than he'd spoken. Wouldn't he remember that they were all young, that this quarrel mustn't shut out everything else in their lives?

She smiled, thinking of Todd. What could he have said? He could be amusing over the discipline of the new minute companies, which everyone could see was ragged and unmilitary. Surely he'd have been careful about that; you never laughed at the farmer soldiers where people could hear. But there was a forbidden delight in listening to such talk in the security of her mother's living room. Todd meant no harm. Giles would know that; and he'd convince the others.

SHE found Giles plowing in the west field, and her confidence returned. There was easy strength in his young arms guiding the plow, and the lean face was already colored by this year's sun. Determination firmed his chin. She called, and he pulled on the reins.

"Please do something about Todd," she pleaded, when she had climbed over the furrows. "Don't let them drive him away."

"There's not a thing I could do — not after last night."

"You know how Todd loves to talk," Deborah said quickly. "He isn't serious, Giles."

Giles shook his head. "Charles Miles asked why he'd never joined a minute company. Todd laughed and said he didn't intend to have *his* neck stretched for a rebel when the regulars come out to take our powder."

Yes, that would anger them; she looked up anxiously. "Was it so very dreadful?"

He kicked at a clod of earth: "You've seen how things had to be since autumn; a man's either for us or against us. There's no middle road any more, Deborah. Whether you think so or not, Todd's a Tory."

"But he's not! Not really, Giles. Only he doesn't believe we'll get back our liberties by arming against the King."

"We have no quarrel with the King," Giles muttered.

Her anger flashed; the men were always saying that, as though you could separate the King from his government. "The soldiers are the King's, too," she cried, "no matter how you insist they're sent out by Parliament."

"Todd put that in your mind."

"Supposing he did? I hate the smug way you minute men feel you're always right. No one else can speak at all. It's not only powder and bullets you're storing up in Concord. You've filled the town with fear till it's a wonder anyone wants to go on living here."

He saw past her words. "Does losing Todd mean so much to you?"

Color flamed her cheeks. Why did he make this a personal thing? She lifted her head defiantly and the golden curls shook below her cap. "It means what little happiness and pleasure you've let me keep is gone. Doesn't that mean anything to *you?* Giles, you could do something." Her eyes were pleading.

He shook his head slowly, and their eyes held till she could look at him no longer. She fled to the road and down the hill. She was crying as she crossed the bridge.

She had grown up in the sullen resentment of the Province. All through her girlhood the gaunt, unpainted meeting-house where she sat twice on Sundays with her mother had echoed to denunciations of Parliament. In those years it had been only talk. But there was action now; since autumn, when the Provincial Congress met here in Concord, they'd been raising an army. It was a frightening thing that war might begin in this peaceful place.

Deborah could not understand the fury which drove her neighbors so. She knew their demands. They wanted their charter rights — the liberty to govern themselves as Englishmen did everywhere. Then they'd cease their resistance. But there were no redcoats in this village, no tyranny in Concord. These were her people, and she should be with them. How could she, when she did not understand?

She opened the door of her mother's house — and Todd was waiting there. He stood before the fireplace in the living room, the gray-green of his coat against the Indian red of the paneled wall. In the instant before he turned, the light from the window touched his blond hair and outlined the long nose, the high forehead, the full lips. Todd was as different from Giles as satin from towcloth.

He looked up. "You've heard, I expect." There was bitterness in his tone — and also amusement. "They've ordered me out by sundown."

She sank into a chair beside the fire. "Yes, I've heard." She smiled at him wistfully.

Todd laid an arm on the mantel. There was grace in his movements, elegance even in his homespuns. "I suppose they're right," he said charitably. "I could never go for the serious farmer lads." He laughed a little.

Deborah stared at the fire. "You'll go to Boston, I expect."

"To my sister. But I'm going to England — first packet I can catch from Salem." He leaned forward quickly and his hand cupped her chin. "Come with me, Deborah."

She'd known he'd say that. She avoided his eyes, but listened eagerly. "It's awkward having to tell you this way," he said. "You were the first thought I had when those fellows ordered me out of town. I knew how much I've loved you. Come with me to England."

HER blue eyes were wide. It was the dream of every girl in the Province to visit London; it would be eager adventure as Todd's wife. But something made her hesitate. "I couldn't leave everything I've loved here."

"Everything you loved is gone," he said impatiently. "You can't even talk in this town any more. I'm harmless enough, but they're driving me out because I said I wouldn't join a minute company."

Her anger sparked into resolution. All the turbulence of the day and the resentment she felt against Giles seemed to fade beyond the windows. She was in a small world, with walls which Todd would build high to shut the tension out. She said, "I'll come. Oh, yes, Todd. I'll come."

They had two hours to imagine a London which was all gaiety and laughter, with shops and amusements and peace. Todd would arrange the sailing. When passage was engaged, Deborah would come straight to Salem. They'd have their honeymoon on shipboard. It was a dream of adventure for a provincial girl.

The shadows crept across the room, and Deborah said in fright, "You can't stay longer, Todd." But he held her in his arms a moment more. Then, "I love you," he smiled from the doorway, and she heard his horse in the mud outside. The sound died away on the road to Lexington, and she stood with her hand where his lips had been.

SHE was still in the living room when she heard her mother's step. "I've told Fletcher I'd marry him," she said, running swiftly to her mother's shoulder. "We'll live in London. I'll be leaving you to whatever happens. Please say you'll love me if I go."

Her mother spoke quietly: "I don't like it some ways — Todd being marked as a Tory. But I can see further past my nose than some of these patriots. You're young, and there are hard years ahead for young people."

Deborah lifted her head and saw tears on her mother's cheeks. There were lines there, but beauty, too, and serenity which nothing could touch. When Deborah tried to speak, sobs came instead. She felt her mother's arms protectingly around her. "I know, child. I know what it is to want love and adventure — peace."

Deborah dabbed at her eyes. "I don't know why I'm crying," she said. "I'm *happy*."

When her spirits faltered in the days that followed she told herself:

"Think of Todd. Think of his arms. Think of London."

But that was a dream, and all the sights and sounds of the village reminded her of Giles. He was part of everything around her, and she tried to put him from her mind. She

Illustrated by Perry Peterson • Drawings by John Scott

thought: It's Giles and the rest of them who've made Concord so I don't want to go on living here any more.

She saw the men file grimly into the meeting-house when Congress met again toward the end of March. She watched the minute companies drilling on the square, and she knew the men went home afterward to mold bullets and make cartridges. The wagons came in steadily now — with powder and shot and cannon and provisions to feed an army on the march. *They must be mad, these patriots. Did they expect to frighten Parliament by these preparations?* Deborah and her mother went each afternoon with the women to salt beef and pork and store it away in barrels against the time when the men said it might be needed quickly.

Every village home and farmhouse hid the stores the wagons brought. There were six half-barrels of powder beneath the hay in their own barn. Deborah remembered what one of the men had said when they rolled them in: "The lobsterbacks will never guess that the Widow Clark is keeping powder in her barn."

"And what do the men expect *us* to do when the British march out?" Deborah asked impatiently after they had gone.

Mrs. Clark shrugged her shoulders. "An Englishwoman's supposed to be secure in her own house," she said calmly. "Now don't worry, child. Leave that to the men."

THE British were testing them now, marching out of Boston to range the roads for a morning or an afternoon. Mostly the forces were small, and Concord knew they would not come so far. But one noon a rider galloped in with news that a thousand British were out, and the minute companies mustered in the square. The village was alive with activity all afternoon, till word came at sundown that the troops were turning back toward Boston.

Deborah watched the square with a sick feeling in her heart. She'd seen Giles with his company. She couldn't forget his simple dignity in brown homespuns and black cocked hat, nor the firelock in his hand and the cartridge box at his belt. Some of these men were sure to die for their charter rights. . .

By early April there was a letter from Todd, at last. He had passage! A vessel had just come into Salem, a sweet ship, he wrote enthusiastically, and their quarters would be comfortable. Sailing for Bristol on April twentieth. Could Deborah be in Salem on the nineteenth? Todd's sister was coming. Deborah's mother must be there, too. They'd be married that afternoon and go aboard. The ship would sail on the morning tide.

RELIEF flooded through Deborah. This was an end to all the nervous waiting. Her mother listened as she recited Todd's plans. "We'll drive up in the chaise," she said.

Now Deborah counted the days. Soon it was Tuesday, the eighteenth, and she was out in the garden transplanting seedlings into her mother's herb bed. Tomorrow she'd be in Salem, and Todd would put a ring on her finger.

Except for the wagons and the teams of men loading them, Concord was quiet that afternoon. The guards at the Town House lazed in the April sunshine, their muskets resting against the wall. Amos Wright was busier than usual. It was hot work that engaged the men, and they made frequent trips to Amos's taproom.

She was thinking of Todd, and she did not hear Giles' footstep behind her. She started at his voice, and the little movement angered her. It was absurd that he could touch her emotions. "Need you carry a musket when you come to call?" she demanded.

"Don't you say that, Giles Hartley. I'm as good a patriot as you or — or anyone else!"

"A minute man's supposed to," he said awkwardly, "and it isn't exactly a call."

"Perhaps you've come to arrest me for what I said a month ago," she suggested coolly. "It *was* a month, I believe." She saw she'd hurt him and was glad. "You've been busy, of course," she raced on, digging furiously. "That's why you haven't come. There's been the planting, and drilling two nights a week, and almost a month of the Congress. But now you've more time, since the delegates went home last Saturday. Is that why you've come today?"

"I've been thinking of what you said about Todd."

Her trowel was posed, expectant. "Yes?"

"I've been thinking it wouldn't be right for a Concord man to call on a girl who's a Tory," he said stiffly.

She leaped to her feet and faced him. "Don't you say that, Giles Hartley. I'm as good a patriot as you or — or anyone else."

"Are you?" he challenged. She bit her lip. She'd never realized that marrying Todd would make her a Tory in her own village. She fought against it. "I never thought you could be so small," she said tightly.

"I'm saying what I feel. I've loved you, Deborah. Now you've made it so I can't love you any more." But for just a moment there was the remembered softeness behind his eyes.

It frightened her. She didn't want to

Continued on page 21

Ellen thought with growing terror of an accident

"Where Is My Letter?"

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

Illustrated by Carl Setterberg

He took an odd way to send her his last message, but Ellen understood

A Short Short Story

AFTER a while his letters stopped. The end was sudden, abrupt, without any explanation. Ellen Marsh was, during the first fortnight, worried, even alarmed, envisioning with growing terror an accident, perhaps an illness.

But in the third week she heard from the Thorntons that they'd seen him in Miami, where he was sailing a lot and working only a little; the essence of their comment was that he'd never looked better.

And Ed and Mary Gilbert ran into him in New York a little later and gave her the news of him — casually of course — knowing nothing of what was in her heart: He was well. He'd sold *Merveille*, his schooner, and bought a forty-foot sloop. He was excited as a boy about the early-summer boat racing. Had Ellen seen his hilarious account of his Bahamas trip in last month's yachting magazine?

She had, she said, seen it; yes, it was very amusing. You could almost hear the sound of his voice in it, couldn't you?

Having thrashed it out in her mind through several long days and longer nights, she now thought she understood why his letters had stopped:

There'd really been an almost unbearable pain in writing letters; pain for her, certainly for him. It was essential that, for a year — two years — they be apart. She knew his reasons and approved them. In their letters the pain of separation had lain close under the surface of every line; and every word that had not spoken of the emptiness — the loneliness and the wasted days — had been an evasion, a sham. He loved her. Every letter had shouted it. He'd continue to love her. But the illusion of talking together when actually they could not see each other and touch each other's hands — this was frustration that lashed the spirit.

She'd hated, too, the necessity to be sly about writing him — the fact that she could send her letters only to the special addresses of which, from time to time, he'd inform her. A letter to a hotel at Miami Beach. A letter to Havana. A letter to Nassau. A letter to a postbox — whose? — in New York. Hateful and unpleasant, this deceit. There'd been moments when the revulsion from it might have overwhelmed her, if she hadn't known the need for it, had she not been strong in her faith.

Yes, it was surely better not to write. She understood this; as the days moved along, the wisdom of enclosing themselves in silence became clearer to her. It was a more nearly perfect communion, without trickery, without shabbiness.

SHE knew he, too, had hated the deceit. She had seen it in his eyes, and once he'd spoken of it, somewhat hesitantly. That was the only time he had ever talked much about Marcia, his wife.

"I wonder if you can understand," he'd said. "It isn't a matter of no longer loving her. I think I never really loved her." This was the time they'd met in Philadelphia, he traveling north from Washington, she south from Boston. They were at dinner in the small, dimly lit restaurant. He'd placed one broad brown hand gently on her hand. "But," he'd said, looking at her evenly, "I can't hurt Marcia. I simply can't do it. Perhaps the kindest thing would be the clean, frank break, telling her everything — but I can't hurt her that way.

"It isn't, darling," he added, "that I'm trying to sound virtuous about my humanity. It just isn't in my nature to cause that kind of pain to anybody who loves me."

He'd shrugged with a gesture of helplessness. "Because, you know, she does love me. I don't value her love, it has nothing to do with you and me, with our love — but it's a fact, and I have to face it."

She'd felt, sharply, an instant's uncertainty. Yet she herself didn't know what line of action they could follow. In a very real sense their love had swept the past away, destroyed their comfortable individual worlds and tossed them together in a maelstrom. Marcia (slender, efficient Marcia with the swirl of yellow hair) was part of his past world — how could she be fitted into the present?

His voice had gone on softly: "You may resent it — I wouldn't blame you. But I have to do this thing my way. I want you to give me a little time, darling. A year. Maybe two years. In that time Marcia will stop loving me — she *will*, I'll see that she does; we'll drift apart, she and I, a gradual separation. Then when the break comes, it'll be without hurt to anybody. Without hurt, without tears."

"A year torn from our lives," she'd said, with the sudden pain in her throat.

"We'll have all the rest of our lives together. . . "

THEREAFTER his letters came to her regularly. And of course she saw his name frequently in the magazines — his facile, gay stories of boy pursuing girl against the chromium background of New York, the sands of Miami. They weren't good stories, they didn't try to be honest; but they were witty, amusing.

You could detect Evans Darton — his blithe manner and his irrepressible spirit — in every line of his stories; you could hear the banter of his voice. She read all his stories that winter.

When, in the spring, the letters stopped coming, she sought out his stories with even greater avidity, because reading his words, this tinsel fiction that he devised for an audience of millions, seemed to bring him for the moment to her side. It was as though, in the stories, he was speaking directly to her — in the turn of phrase, the mannerism of expression, she could find him with a closeness that was at once quickening and tormenting to the heart.

It was in June, in the glossy woman's magazine for which he often wrote, that she came upon the Evans Darton story called "Adventure of the Heart." . . .

SHE sat by the open window, the sounds of the city muted by night, and read his story of a girl named Helen Murdock and a man named Richard Holran. The girl was deftly presented; she was sweet, very serious, and — rather clinging. The man had a bantering, smooth tone and a gift for the happy phrase. They made a charming couple; they said clever things to each other, and the beauty of their young love tugged at the reader's emotions.

But in the story the man was married. He hated being married; it was all a ghastly mistake. He wanted ardently to free himself from his wife and marry lovely Helen. Yet he couldn't face the cruelty of abruptly hurting his wife; so he and Helen Murdock decided to wait —

"And I must see you from time to time. You'll come to me?"

"Yes."

THE pain of their separation was like a cancer. The young man could scarcely bear it. Of course he could not conceal that his soul was in torment; his wife, no fool, observed and accurately interpreted.

One day his wife sat beside his chair and said, freely and frankly, "It's Helen Murdock — isn't it?"

He said nothing, but she read his eyes.

And, astonishingly, she told him calmly that if he wanted his freedom he might have it. Instantly, without difficulty. He had only to make his choice.

Then, skillfully, it was made clear to the reader that Richard Holran, faced with the immediate possibility of change, did not want change. His life was comfortable and well-ordered. He'd had his adventure; and adventure, as any traveler in wild places can declare, is drearily tiresome if prolonged beyond the point at which hunger for a remembered warm bed, a remembered fireplace sets in. . .

ELLEN MARSH finished the Evans Darton story called "Adventure of the Heart," put the magazine aside, and watched for a while, through her window, the glow of the starlight above the quiet city.

This was his letter to her, the last letter. She thought of it without anger, and curiously without pain.

It was a good story, sensitive. But incomplete. It did not explain what happened to the girl Helen Murdock.

Ellen Marsh crossed the room and found a cigarette. She knew she was free from him. He had, in writing their story, eased his heart of it and found release. But there was also release for her. Because the end of the story was so obviously not the end of Helen Murdock.

The world was full of a thousand plots, and Helen Murdock would go on living. . .

She lit her cigarette and walked to the mirror above the lamp. The girl who looked back at her was very young; the face heart-shaped and wide at the brows. The lips tentatively, as if experimentally, moved, and a soft smile brushed them just for a moment. Ellen Marsh would go on living too. *The End*

PHILIP GENDREAU

How to kill an afternoon when the boss is out

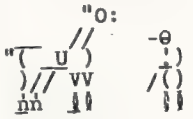
TYPEWRITER TINTYPES

by Hans J. Gottlieb

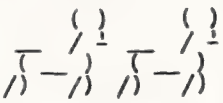
CAN your typewriter draw? It's not so easy, especially if you follow the cardinal rule for typewriter boondoggling: don't move the paper except with regular space mechanisms. But here's what ingenuity can do.

SHOOTING GALLERY

THREE JOLLY MATRONS

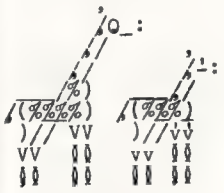


DERBY WINNER

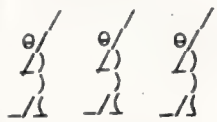


DONDER AND BLITZEN

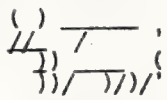
FARMERS IN THE DELL



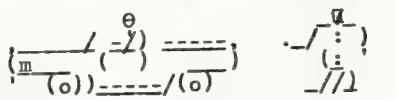
MRS. GIRAFFE AND JUNIOR



HUP, HUP, HUP . . .



BEEF ON THE HOOF



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COOKIE MARETT

She once made a 60-foot dragon for Dali

Stitching For The Stars

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

With a bit of thread and a stroke of genius, Mme. Karinska fashions costumes out of dreams

SALVADOR DALI was in Europe. So were his costume sketches for the ballet "Bacchanale." Seven days before the ballet was scheduled to open, Madame Varvara Karinska got a phone call. "Varushka," the producer almost wept, "we have no costumes, no designer. You have worked with Dali, you must create the costumes for me!"

It was a tough assignment even for a skillful costume-maker. Karinska had only a few magazine photographs of the Dali sketches. But she designed 60 costumes the way she thought Dali would do them and set her staff of 50 seamstresses to work. When curtain time came on opening night, the costumes hadn't arrived. Three minutes later they were rushed through the stage door. While the orchestra leader swung his men through two extra overtures, Karinska and her assistants frantically safety-pinned the dancers into their clothes. Ten minutes later the curtain went up.

"I Am a Fanatic"

AN UNWAVERING perfectionist, Karinska always asks for three weeks to execute all the costumes for a show or ballet. This allows for four fittings per person, from minor dancers to stars. But she seldom gets so much time, stage producers being what they are. Working with designers' sketches, she turns them into the finished product — doing such an excellent job of interpreting the artists' dreams that they are very often astounded.

"I am a fanatic," Madame Karinska explains modestly. She works practically non-stop. When she thinks costumes are not going well, she can't sleep.

Her shop, now four stories on East 56th Street in New York, was started with money she earned on another Dali job. About to open his "Dream of Venus" exhibit at the New York World's Fair, the unpredictable painter needed a writhing dragon.

Sixty-Foot Monster

IN 10 days, Karinska and an assistant finished the 60-foot monster, which was made of rubber balls stuffed into a suede body and covered with scales. **The beast was transported to Flushing in two taxis — one supporting the head, the other, following closely, holding the tail.** After the Fair, the dragon was sold to China.

Although Madame Karinska has a virtual monopoly on ballet clothes — and is now an expert on dragon-making — she is gradually doing more and more work for Hollywood. Her next job will be to execute Raoul Pène Du Bois's costumes for "Joan of Arc," with Ingrid Bergman. Told that only the three leading characters had to be dressed authentically, Karinska flew into a Russian rage, insisted that if the rest of the cast appeared in rented costumes of the wrong period, the whole effect would be ruined. The upshot was that the entire cast will be outfitted by Karinska.

She regards this as a great victory. "They are beginning to listen to me in Hollywood," she says with satisfaction.

WALLY'S WAGON

"It's really Uncle Sam's birthday"

MABEL'S BIG IDEA

HOME

IT ALWAYS seemed to me there was two ways to look at the Fourth of July. Either you felt sorry for yourself because you had to work, or you was thankful you didn't have to battle traffic, poison ivy an' ants.

Jake an' Mabel an' me was makin' plans last night for this year's Fourth. We got to get lots of sandwich stuff ready an' load up on ice cream, pickles, sodas an' potato chips.

"I ain't had a Fourth of July off since I was twelve years old," Jake said. "Wonder what it is like not to work on holidays."

"Shucks, Jake," I tell him. "You don't have to work next week end. All we will have is drop-in trade."

"Aw, I wasn't really serious," Jake laughs. "You couldn't *pay* me to trade a nice quiet three days for the bedlam anywhere else."

"SEEMS like we ought to celebrate the Fourth *some way*," I say to the crew. An' we leave it go at that while all of us gets busy on odd chores.

Archie, the dishwasher, makes Jake promise not to interfere this year with his ceremonial nip. Last Fourth of July Ol' Jake found Archie's pint an' switched a bottle of cold tea and tabasco for it — about half an' half. Archie sneaked a slug of the pepper sauce an' exploded like a Roman candle.

Along about the end of her shift, Mabel brought up the week end again.

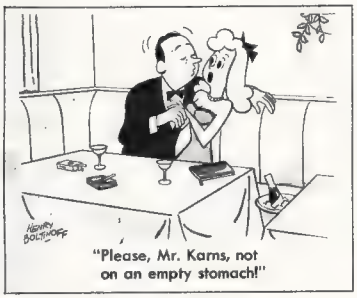
"What it really is," she says, "is Uncle Sam's birthday. How about us actin' like it was a kind of birthday party — an' we was givin' part of it?"

Jake an' me just looked at each other.

"What I mean, let's help everybody enjoy it," Mabel goes on. "We could be nice to the customers — specially nice, that is — make 'em glad they come."

So all of a sudden the idea sounds good to me, too. Even though we stay on the job and work, I reckon it'll do us all good to take a few minutes out an' remember that everybody's part of the biggest birthday party in the world.

— WALLY BOREN



"Please, Mr. Karns, not on an empty stomach!"

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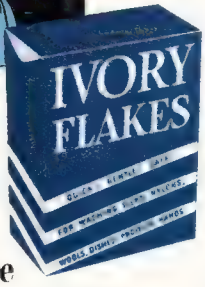

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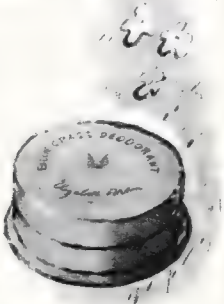
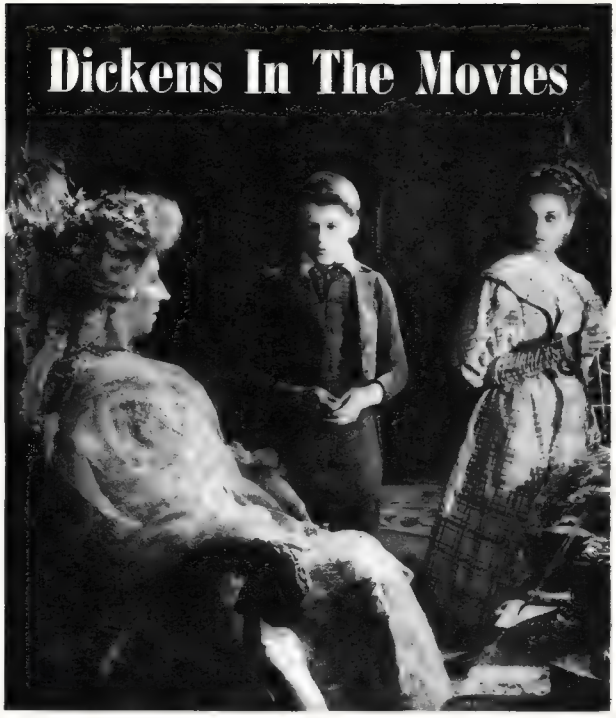


Elizabeth Arden

Dickens In The Movies



GREAT EXPECTATIONS. Pip confesses love for Estella to eccentric Miss Havisham

CHRISTMAS CAROL was a 1938 hit

CHARLES DICKENS never thought of himself as a movie writer when he was turning out his great series of novels almost a century ago. But through the years his unforgettable characters have been the raw material for top-flight screen productions, first in Hollywood, now in England.

Condensing these novels into scenarios isn't always easy — "Nicholas Nickleby" runs to 450,000 words — but it's been done effectively more than once. Pictures on these pages are from six film versions of Dickens favorites. They'll take you back to when you read Dickens in school — and thrilled to the courage of Sidney Carton, writhed at the cruelty of Fagin and smiled and groaned with the flint-hearted Scrooge.

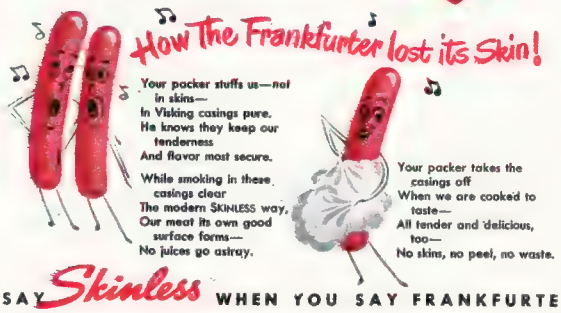
TALE OF TWO CITIES had Ronald Coleman as the martyred Sidney Carton

OLIVER TWIST (Dickie Moore) watches Fagin tally up the day's profits

DAVID COPPERFIELD finds a stout ally in Mr. Micawber (W. C. Fields)

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Mrs. Squeers ladles out the "brimstone and treacle"

There's no comparison! See why—next time you buy frankfurters. Try your favorite brand made the all-taste, no-waste SKINLESS way—and discover for yourself the delicious difference.



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Eat Right!

RIGHT FOR TASTE—Every picnic is happier when delicious Fortified Puritan Marshmallows go along . . . toasted over campfires, they provide the peak of a perfect day!

RIGHT FOR NUTRITION—The children's dream comes true—candy as *food!* Mother happily uses Fortified Puritan Marshmallows freely, glad to be providing extra nutritional balance for her meals.

RIGHT FOR TASTE!
RIGHT FOR NUTRITION!

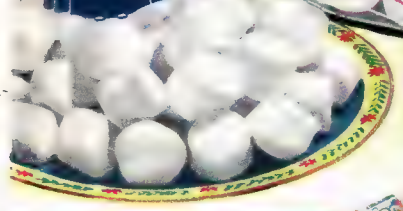
Shotwell's **Puritans Have Better Balance Than the Average Meal**

Yes, count on Puritans! They're made with seven vitamins and minerals you need to eat candy . . . and still eat right!

Buy, serve, use Puritans liberally. The children love this "fun candy." The family enjoys Puritans in glorified desserts, salads, hot dishes . . . scores of tempting treats. And everybody benefits from their added nutritional values. Ask your grocer today!

Shotwell's
PURITAN
Marshmallows

Packed in sealed 4 oz. Cellophane bags



Fortified with Vitamins B_1 and B_2 to help assimilate sugar; Vitamin D, calcium and phosphate for needed mineral values; niacin and iron to help diet balance.

SHOTWELL'S "*EAT RIGHT*" BARS

All three bars have chocolate coating, and contain Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin, iron, for nutrition-right eating. "Shur-Mac" and "Hi-Mac" have nougat centers, caramel. Almond Big Yank has marshmallow center, fudge . . . Almonds on "Shur-Mac" and Almond Big Yank.

QUIZ 'EM

A news question-answer game

What trains are named for women?

1. WHAT, NO SUDS? . . . *What is the "ultrasonic laundering" of clothes that has been predicted by a British scientist?*

The use of vibrations of highly pitched inaudible sound waves to shake out the dirt.
— *B. F., Belleville, N. J.*

2. HOLDING THE BAG . . . *Why is the Army holding more than $2,000,000 worth of Government War Bonds?*

They can't locate the GI owners.

3. BOOM OR BUST . . . *How many depressions have there been in the U. S. during the past 100 years?*

Twenty-six.—*Mrs. H. S., Port Washington, Wis.*

4. TRAIN NAMES . . . *Two hundred and seventy-five passenger trains in the U. S. have been named — how many for women?*

Two: The Ann Rutledge and the Pocahontas.
— *H. M. R., Portland, Ore.*

5. MAZUMA. . . . *The lowest bill in circulation in China in $500. What is it worth in U. S. currency?*

Four cents.

6. MOONSHINERS . . . *How are illegal distillers being tracked down these days?*

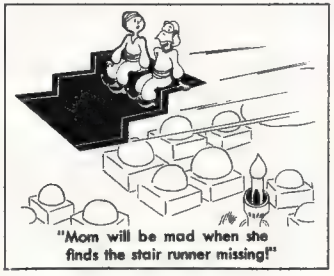
By airplane. Recently 150 illegal stills were discovered in a four-day series of flights.

7. D.P.'s . . . *How many communities in the U. S. absorbed the 2,976 displaced persons who came to the U. S. last year?*

156 communities in 35 states.

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay $2 for a question and answer used in this column. *Proof must accompany the answer.* Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.



"Mom will be mad when she finds the stair runner missing!"

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Use SUTRA... it blocks out the burn rays... lets the tan rays come through... permits prolonged exposure without risk of painful sunburn.

Use SUTRA... for only SUTRA employs hydroquinone, the wonder sun filter of modern science, to screen out burn rays.

Use SUTRA... either SUTRA Lotion or SUTRA Cream, whichever you prefer. Both are highly effective, lightly scented, non-greasy, so easy and pleasant to use.

At drug or cosmetic counters.

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"The first day, and she lays an egg," he cried...

"Like Robinson Crusoe"

BY A. B. GUTHRIE

Illustrated by Herman Geisen

To his parents, it was just a half-frozen hen; to Charlie, the bird he'd rescued meant adventure

A Short Short Story

CHARLIE BOSTWICK found the hen on his way home from school on a cold winter afternoon. She was huddled at the edge of the board sidewalk, her neck drawn in and her body low around her feet. At first he thought she was dead; then, feeling she wasn't, he expected her to rouse and step off in the snow. But she just huddled there, not even clucking, not even looking as he drew close, and a little pulse of excitement and wonder beat in him. It was as if she waited for him, as if she knew that he, alone of everybody, wouldn't hurt her, as if she understood that he'd be along to pick her up and take her out of the cold and feed her and have her for his own.

He tucked his chin inside his mackinaw and hurried homeward, carrying her in his arms. He wondered if someone would see him and lay claim to her. He listened for a finger peck at a frosted window, and in his mind saw the finger become a hand and the hand beckon him to put her down. But no finger pecked, and the street was empty except for two boys who were pushing on ahead of him, their shoulders hunched into the wind.

He went to the back porch, stamped his overshoes free of snow, saw that the thermometer read eighteen below, and turned the knob and went in, crying, "Mamma!"

Mamma was working in the kitchen. She said, "Hello, dear. What in the world?"

"It's a chicken, Mamma, and she's mine. She was just waiting for me out in the cold, and she let me pick her up like she knew I was her friend. She didn't move a step!"

"She can't see, Charlie. Her eyes are frozen shut. And she's half-frozen herself."

"But she must've known I was coming, and she just waited. Can I keep her, Mamma? Please, can I?"

A SMILE came on Mamma's face, and little wrinkles of study on her forehead. "We'll see, dear. Maybe for a little while. Get that old box in the back room and put it behind the stove. She'll warm up there."

"I don't want her for just a little while. I want her forever and ever. Please."

Mamma lowered the oven door of the big range, and drew a chair up for him while he got the box and put the hen in it and slid them both behind the stove. "Come and warm your feet, Charlie. I know they're cold."

He couldn't keep his feet in the oven long. He had to get up to see how the hen was. "She froze her comb, Mamma. But the rest of her is all right. She's a good hen."

"She belongs to someone."

"Whoever it was didn't care for her. They didn't want her or they'd treat her better. Please, Mamma; I haven't got a single thing of my own, not a live thing, I mean."

"We'll see."

WHEN Father came home Charlie ran to the door to meet him and led him to the kitchen before he could take off his things. Charlie drew the box out and watched Father's face.

"Hmm," said Father. "Plymouth Rock, but a draggle-tailed specimen if ever I saw one."

"I found her, Father. Can I keep her?"

Father said, "*May* I."

"May I, then?"

Father looked at Mamma and motioned toward Charlie with his head. "Looks to me as if he had a touch of fever again." Mamma only shook her head.

Father put out his hand and felt

Continued on next page

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: A. B. Guthrie, who tells this sensitive story of childhood, wrote the boisterous, best-selling novel, "The Big Sky"

(Advertisement)

LOVE GOT ON AT BUFFALO

by Gordon Kay

THE MOMENT she sank into the seat beside him in the crowded Club car Jackson's heart skipped a beat.

As the miles flew by, jeweled bits of information fell from her lips . . . she was an artist . . . she had been visiting her father in Buffalo. Yes, she was on her way back to her home in New York.

"One girl in a million," thought Jackson, remembering Manhattan's vastness. He hoped she wasn't married. When she confessed she wasn't, he sighed with relief.

"Not even engaged!" she laughed. "Not even 'going steady' with anyone."

As the train sped Eastward, Jackson found himself completely fascinated. He had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight, but that was exactly what was happening to him! He felt that into his life had surged a new and wonderful force that he must cling to forever.

As he babbled on about himself, she drew back sharply now and then, with an air of annoyance as though she were bored. Perhaps he was too eager or was talking too much. Nevertheless, when he suggested dinner, she accepted and excused herself to freshen up.

"Over two hours with her before we reach New York," he thought happily as the train began to pull into Albany.

But a telegram poured ice-water on that little dream. The message read:

"Peterson flying Rio tomorrow. Stop off Albany today and contact him."

Stewart.

He silently cursed his luck. There was no way out; Peterson was too important. Crumpling the telegram in his hand, he scrambled for his things. There were only seconds to act.

Suddenly it flashed on him that he had learned neither the name nor address of this lovely girl who had swept him off his feet. Desperately he hurried through the aisles looking for her . . . in vain.

At last, as he raced along the platform, he had a glimpse of her thru the window, headed for the observation car. And there he caught up with her.

"Darling!" he blurted . . . then checked himself. "Your name! Your address! Your telephone number! You can't go out of my life like this!"

As the train started to move, she hastily plucked a card from her handbag, scribbled upon it, and, smiling quizzically, handed it to him. His eyes followed her figure in the twilight as long as they could, then looked down at the card. It read:

Mary Jones
New York City

* * *

Jackson never knew why she banished him so adroitly—and so completely—from her life. One could scarcely blame her. After all, there are few things more offensive than halitosis (unpleasant breath). Regardless of your other good points, it can stamp you as a person to be avoided.

Isn't it foolish to run such risks when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution? Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath much fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never, omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Who else wants a

Glamour TAN

. . . without Burning or Peeling!

TAN Lasts Longer With This Easy Plan

1. Apply SKOL before exposure. 2. Reapply after swimming, excessive perspiration, or when skin starts to "draw". 3. Take warm bath or shower. 4. Massage SKOL in gently until it vanishes.

SKOL is the original, non-oily, protective "filter" preparation, which screens out the sun's *burning* rays, admits the rays that tan. SKOL is not like oils and oily lotions which "fry" the skin in the sun's heat and wrinkle the surface of the skin. On the contrary, SKOL helps to keep the skin soft and clear-looking while it lets the healthful rays of the sun penetrate freely—actually assuring a longer lasting tan—a tan which won't peel! Get SKOL at your druggist's—today!

Non-Oily, Non-Greasy

SKOL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The World's Largest Selling Suntan Lotion

It's not so new!

SLOT MACHINE INVENTED

FLASH!

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, 100 B.C. — Creating considerable interest in the main market place of this city is a new mechanical device recently developed by Hero, popular local Greek inventor.

Hero's machine, basically a clever arrangement of levers, dispenses a quantity of pure water to the customer who drops a coin into a slot.

If the contraption proves to be popular, it is foreseen that Hero's machine may be adapted to the automatic vending of such commodities as dates, figs, nut meats and olive oil.

— Source: "Gli Artifitiosi et Curiosi"

"LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE"

Continued from preceding page

under Charlie's jaw for the kernels that would show his throat was sore. "Looks feverish."

Mamma said, "He's just excited."

"I'm all right. Can I, Father?"

Father smiled and tickled Charlie's ribs with his knuckles. "She'll be messy."

"Look. I put a paper under her, and I'll change it every day, and in summer she'll be outside. She just waited for me like she knew she could count on me."

"Better give her something to eat or she'll change her mind."

Charlie went to sleep thinking about the hen. He'd call her Biddy, and she'd come to trust him more and more and maybe follow him around like no one ever saw a chicken do. He'd put eggs under her when she wanted to set and so have baby chickens. But Biddy always would come first.

SHE was in his mind the next morning, too. He heard Mamma call, "Charlie," and he came awake at once and thought, "My hen!" He hurried through his washing and dressing and ran downstairs.

Father already was seated at the breakfast table, which stood in a corner of the kitchen, and Mamma was dishing things on to it. Mamma said, "Come and eat, Charlie. We're a little behind this morning."

"I have to see my Biddy first." He slid behind the range. At first he just looked, not believing he saw right, and then he cried: "Oh, Mamma! Father! See! An egg!" He backed from behind the stove, holding it up. "The first day, and she lays an egg!"

FATHER said, "Now that's something!"

"Come and eat, dear. You can pet Biddy this afternoon."

"An egg!"

"I'll take it, Charlie," Mamma said.

"Put it in a very special place, Mamma, and keep it for me, and I'll eat it in the morning. Don't get it mixed with the others. Will she lay one every day now, Father?"

Father rubbed his jaw with his knuckles. "I don't know. Maybe."

"She will. I know she will. Every day an egg, and every morning I'll eat one. I feed Biddy and she feeds me."

"Eat now, dear."

"She's better. I know she can see a little now. She's pecking at the meal I put in." Charlie came from behind the stove. For an instant, before he sat down, he had to hug himself while a little shiver went over him. "It's just like in 'Robinson Crusoe'!"

"*As* in 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"As in 'Robinson Crusoe' and just like in 'Swiss Family Robinson.'"

Father asked, "What do you mean, son?"

"Like on a desert island. You find things to eat and things to work for you and keep you company and be friends, and pretty soon you get along just fine, just the little bunch of you and no one else around. It—it makes you feel so cozy inside."

When Father didn't say anything, Charlie asked, "You know what I mean, don't you?"

"I guess so. Better get to eating."

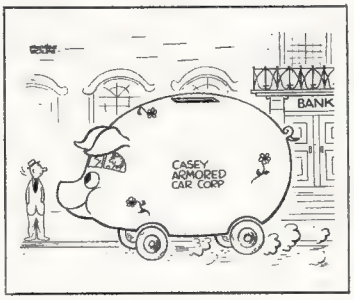
WHEN he was through, Charlie got up and began putting on his overshoes. "If she lays another while I'm gone, you leave it right in the box, Mamma, won't you?"

"Yes. I'll leave it."

"I'll hurry home." He slid behind the stove to say good-by to Biddy. "You said she was a draggle-tailed specimen, but I bet you don't think so now, do you, Father? She's a layer, that's what she is."

After Charlie had gone, Mr. Bostwick sat looking at his half-eaten breakfast. After a while he said, "I guess I could put an egg in the box every morning." He pushed the plate away from him and got up. "It didn't turn out so funny, did it?" *The End*

"I'll bet you won't like me for what I'm going to say"



WHY suffer with a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven Symptoms when caused by constipation? Do as thousands do—get *prompt*, but *gentle* relief with pure vegetable Saraka . . . so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure*.

NO "LAXATIVE SENSATION"

No psyllium seeds! No milk of magnesia! No mineral oil! Saraka combines two of the most effective pure vegetable ingredients. One acts like needed high-residue foods . . . in concentrated form. The other gives *gentle, thorough* action!

Usually works overnight! No three-day wait with Saraka! Results are so nearly natural, most people have no "laxative sensation" at all. *Your own* doctor can tell you all about Saraka's superiority.

TASTELESS! MORE ECONOMICAL!

The whole family likes Saraka, and it goes further. Get the original Saraka in the orange and yellow box! Caution: Use only as directed. At drug counters everywhere. Double your money back if not satisfied.

The Original Pure Vegetable

SARAKA

SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

EMILY POST Gives The Answers

How's your table etiquette? Do you know what to do and when? Take this quick quiz

MUST a salad fork be used when the salad is served with the meat course and not as a separate course?

MRS. POST: A salad fork usually is put on table, but, like a salad knife, it is used or not, as one pleases.

LETTUCE: Should the lettuce leaves be eaten when a salad is served?

MRS. POST: Yes.

LEFTOVER JUICE: When the solid fruit of the fruit cocktail has been eaten, is it proper to drink the juice remaining in the glass?

MRS. POST: This would depend upon whether the cocktail was served in a stemless glass embedded in ice or in a wine glass standing on a plate. In the first case, no. In the second, there's no reason why not.

SMOKING MANNERS: Is it proper for the hostess to light the cigarette of a man who is her guest?

MRS. POST: Certainly.

WHICH SIDE? From which side do you approach a chair at the dining table?

MRS. POST: Whichever one you come to first.

NAPKINS: Should a guest fold his napkin after a meal?

MRS. POST: Ordinarily, no.

BREAD AND BUTTER: Is bread and butter ever served at a formal dinner?

MRS. POST: Never, if you *mean* formal. Most people misuse the word "formal." It really means ceremonial. Bread and butter is served at most dinners for 10 or less, except in extremely formal homes.

PROTECTION: Can a man put a napkin up over his new suit or must he risk spotting it?

MRS. POST: When he is eating an endangering mouthful he may hold the napkin momentarily in his left hand, but it would be most unromantic to tuck it up under his chin.

DON'T PASS THEM: Should sugar and cream for coffee be passed at table or should the hostess serve them from her own place after asking her guest's preference?

MRS. POST: The hostess should serve them.

COCKTAIL CHERRIES: How is the cherry in a cocktail eaten?

MRS. POST: Drink the liquid. Then tip the glass and drop the cherry in your mouth.

SOUP AND CRACKERS: Is it proper to break crackers into soup?

MRS. POST: It is entirely proper to break two or three pieces at a time into the soup, and after they are eaten, to break fresh ones.

DESSERT SPOONS: Should a dessert spoon be used regardless of the kind of dessert served?

MRS. POST: Properly a small fork and a dessert spoon are put on each dessert plate. But if service is limited, a dessert spoon is given for ice cream, pudding, etc., and a fork for pie. Pie à la mode may properly be eaten with a fork.

NOTE: Mrs. Post cannot answer individual letters, but she welcomes suggestions for topics to be discussed in a single paragraph in this column. Correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. Post, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

You, too, can have a Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

If beauty's your goal and romance your objective—start with a lovely skin! A smoother, softer skin can be yours with just *one cake* of Camay—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper. See if Camay doesn't give you a softer, lovelier skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. CHITWOOD!

Randolph's from Virginia. Betty's tall, chestnut-haired and lovely. Says she—"My very *first cake* of Camay made my skin feel softer . . . look clearer."

The Chitwoods honeymooned on Cape Cod—plan to go back there every summer. And Betty plans to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—all the year around. Why don't you?

MRS. RANDOLPH CHITWOOD
the former Betty Adams of Jackson, Miss.
Bridal portrait painted by

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

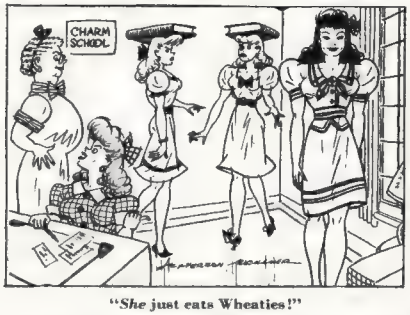
Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

SUMMER COLDS? that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

●When a nasty summer cold has you gasping for air, and your nose is red and sore, reach for cooling, soothing Mentholatum and B-R-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholatum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, two famous, fast-acting ingredients that help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe cold-inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases up, head starts to clear. Don't take head cold misery lying down always keep Mentholatum handy.

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, NASAL IRRITATION, AND CHAPPING



"*She* just eats Wheaties!"

You look as good as you feel. Many a training program, remember, includes Wheaties, with milk and fruit. Crisp toasted flakes of 100% whole wheat. *Nourishing.* Three B vitamins. Minerals, protein, food-energy. *Had your Wheaties today?* Breakfast of Champions!

Dinner On The Fourth

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

"DOWN-EASTERS" poach salmon, add egg sauce

The parade's over, so pull up your chairs and let's eat. Here's the menu . . .

SAY Fourth of July. Think of watermelon. Think of homemade ice cream. Middle Westerners and Southerners answer fried chicken, but those who hail from New England give first thought to salmon.

It's to honor George Washington that "Down-Easters" boil the salmon to serve with egg sauce, with new peas and mashed potatoes. The story is that this particular combination was the favorite summer supper of the father of our country after he had come to battle with his notoriously ill-fitting false teeth.

More likely, this patriotic custom had its start in old years when July was peak month for this fish in North Atlantic waters. Now the East gets most of its salmon from the West Coast. And western salmon costs less — more abundant, that's why.

Fresh Poached Salmon

3 quarts water
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 medium onions, minced
2 small carrots, minced
8 black peppercorns
2½ teaspoons salt
4 celery leaves
6 sprigs fresh parsley
1 sprig thyme
1 bay leaf
4 pounds salmon
2 hard-cooked egg yolks
8 sprigs parsley

Pour water into large pot. Add vinegar, onions, carrots, black peppercorns (slightly bruised) and salt. Tie herbs in cheesecloth bag, add to pot. Bring water to boiling and reduce heat. Simmer 30 minutes.

Wipe salmon with a clean damp cloth; wrap in square of cheesecloth to keep shape during cooking and place in bouillon. Cover pot; cook slowly, allowing 11 minutes to the pound or 40 to 45 minutes. Take fish from pot; remove cheesecloth, place on hot platter, grate over the hard-cooked egg yolks, garnish with parsley. Serve with a side dish of egg sauce.

Or serve it cold, if you like, with a garnish of watercress and lemon slices. Pass with a sauce made of sour cream blended with finely cut scallions.

Creamy Egg Sauce

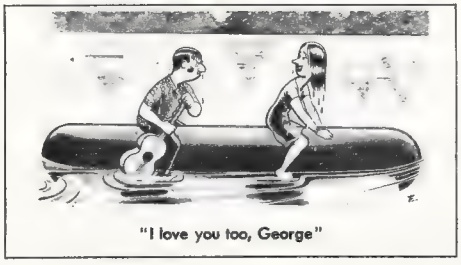
4 hard-cooked egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup butter, creamed
2 tablespoons heavy cream
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Rub egg yolks to paste. Add salt and paprika; gradually work in creamed butter, cream and lemon juice. Approximate yield: 1 cup sauce.

Lemon Ice Cream

1 cup milk
3 cups light cream
1 cup sugar
5 egg yolks, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 teaspoons lemon rind
⅔ cup lemon juice

Scald milk in top of double boiler over hot water with 1½ cups of cream. Mix ½ cup of the sugar, egg yolks and salt and gradually add scalded milk. Blend well. Cook over hot water five to eight minutes, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a metal spoon. Allow to cool. Add vanilla. Boil lemon rind, lemon juice and remaining sugar to a syrup. Add with remaining cream to custard. Pour into freezing tray. Turn refrigerator control to coldest point and freeze until firm. Approximate yield: 3 pints ice cream.



"I love you too, George"

Tampax Weather ahead..hesitate no longer!

Extra summer benefits from this monthly sanitary protection

One spell of warm weather — and users of Tampax begin to appreciate it more than ever. No pins, no belts — and none of the bulk of external pads. In fact, there's not an iota of heat or discomfort in Tampax. Believe it or not, Tampax may even be worn in swimming . . . Originated and perfected by a doctor *for internal use,* Tampax cannot be felt by the wearer when in place. It creates no bulge, bunch or "line" in any costume. Made of hygienic surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators, Tampax is quick to change and easy to dispose of. No odor. No chafing . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will fit into your purse. The economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Save the easy, automatic way

with

U. S. Savings Bonds

☆

Buy where you work!

Buy where you bank!

New way to be SWEET *to* KISS

You stay lovable with Jergens Dryad, a new kind of cream deodorant. Already approved by leading skin specialists, new Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely, helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps it smooth as face cream to the bottom of the largest jar. Dryad is harmless to clothing—has a more luxurious fragrance. Preferred by fastidious women everywhere. Stay sweet to cuddle with Dryad. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

JERGENS DRYAD CREAM DEODORANT STOPS CHECK PERSPIRATION

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DRYAD

New Kind of Cream Deodorant—by Makers of Jergens Lotion

.....FREE: GIFT JAR.....

Try this new Dryad cream deodorant—free.

Simply fill out and mail coupon to: Box 57, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

624

Your name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish. Print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

Next Week...

Take your pick of fiction. Harold Channing Wire writes a story of Hollywood bit actors. (Alice finds that extravagant clothes don't make the man!) . . . Or, if you prefer high adventure 220 feet under water, read Walt Morey's thriller, "The Secret of the Wreck."

THE REBELLIOUS HEART

Continued from page nine

remember. "You've never asked for my love," she cried. "You've no place for it. You're in love with your precious cause. Do you know why *I'm* not? Because I'm young and I want happiness. I lost my father in the war with the French. He was young, too. Do you think I want to lose a husband in this? Do you expect me to find happiness if you plunge the Province into war?"

"There's deep happiness fighting for a cause," he said.

"Are *you* happy? You used to laugh, Giles. I've hardly seen you smile this past year."

"When we get our liberties back, I expect to laugh some."

"When the regulars put down your stupid, senseless rebellion," she said scornfully; "and you're in prison or — or worse."

"They won't put it down. We'll get back what is ours. Parliament's forgotten that Englishmen fight for their liberties, no matter where they happen to be living. Funny thing is, the liberty side has always won."

She spoke quickly before the meaning of his words could touch her. "I might have been on that side if you'd made me see. But you wouldn't, Giles. You've just repeated over and over again the things all of you say."

"It's your heart has to tell you what's right," he said hotly. "Deborah — "

She shook her head. "I'm leaving Concord tomorrow. I'm marrying Todd Fletcher."

His hand worked up and down the barrel of his musket. "I'm not very good at talk, I guess," he said at last. "I was hoping I might make you change your mind."

"And now you hate me."

"No, I won't hate you — ever," he said slowly, but as though he'd shut her from his mind, from his heart. He started toward the barn. "We're moving some of the powder out of the village," he flung over his shoulder. "I'll get those kegs from the barn so one of the wagons can take them."

She felt cold suddenly, and looking toward the flag on the Liberty Pole, she saw that the wind had shifted to the east. Already it carried a taste of the sea. *A taste of the sea. A honeymoon on a packet bound for England.* Strange tears leaped to her eyes, and she ran into the house.

For a long time she sat looking into the kitchen fire, and she knew the chill was in her heart.

Long after she had gone to bed, Deborah heard the wagons rumbling out of the village, bound for more distant hiding places. The moon was up a little before ten, and she rose when she saw its light. It was a waning moon, the last she would see over Concord. At the Town House the guard walked up and down. She sat for a long time in the window. Then she went back to bed. . .

The knocking seemed part of her sleep. It was the voice that waked her. She heard it again softly beneath her window. "Deborah." *Todd! It was Todd!* She slipped a wrapper over her night dress. As she threw the bolt of the door, Todd was whispering, "Hurry!"

"You shouldn't have come, Todd. Mother and I could have—"

He stopped her words with his lips. "The regulars are marching out," he said tensely. "Every Grenadier and Light Infantry company they've got in Boston."

Deborah felt the stab of excitement, and her mind raced to what she must do. She must tell the guard at the Town House to sound the alarm. Then she looked at Todd and remembered she must do no such thing. She was on Todd's side now. She was a Tory.

"The road will be clear to Salem," he was saying. "Your mother can stay with my sister in Boston till this is over."

Deborah looked up at him, pleading. "I can't run away," she faltered. "I can't go without warning the village."

"Let the fellows find out for themselves," he said savagely. "They'll take me for a Tory spy if I'm found here. Wake your mother, Deborah. The whole countryside will be out in another hour."

She heard her mother's voice on the stairs: "Who is it?"

"It's Todd," she called, and there was a queer note in her voice. "He's ridden from Boston. The regulars are coming out."

Mrs. Clark's face appeared, ringed with a night cap. "How do you know they're coming here, Todd Fletcher?" she demanded.

"They're bound to," he replied impatiently. "I saw them down at the foot of the Common, near the magazine guard. They were getting into boats. Gage must mean to ferry them across to East Cambridge. That's the shortest marching distance from Concord."

The older woman looked at Todd. "It was nice of you to ride out," she said. "I'll just get dressed and warn the guard."

"No, no," he said quickly. "I've come to take you and Deborah to Salem — now."

"While those redcoats poke around my house? I'm going to stay right here, young man."

"But you don't understand," Todd pleaded. "There's bound to be shooting."

"I'm not frightened of British muskets. A woman's a right to keep to her own house, and that's what I intend to do." She glanced at Deborah a moment, then went back upstairs.

Todd turned desperately to Deborah. "Can't you convince her?"

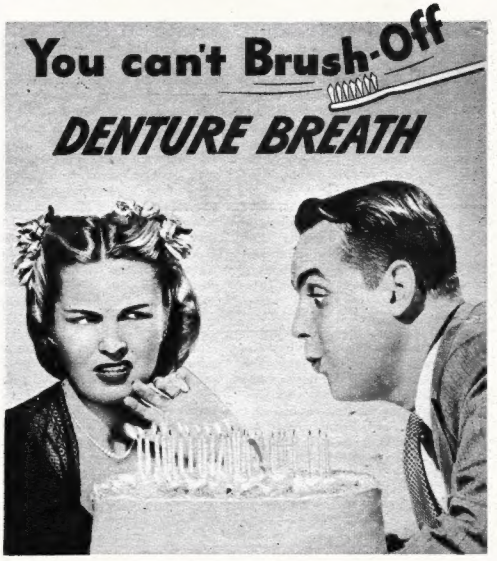
Deborah shook her head. "No, Todd, I'm not going. I'm not going to marry you." She knew now. Without a word of accusation her mother had told her that she could not marry Todd.

He took her in his arms savagely. "You can't throw away our happiness," he cried.

She freed herself. "All my life I'd be ashamed if I went with you

Continued on next page

Dental Plate Wearers



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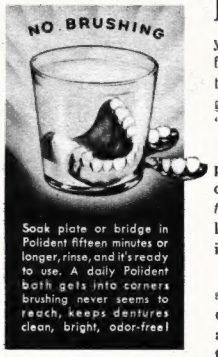

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THE REBELLIOUS HEART

Continued from preceding page

tonight. What I thought I wanted would be empty. I'd — I'd feel I'd been a traitor to my own people."

She watched him lead his horse across the fields. Then she drew a cloak around her and turned toward the square. She was only half the distance when she heard a horse at full gallop coming up the Lexington road. Then she heard the tumbling of the bell. She stood still and let the sound envelop her.

RETURNING, she met her mother in the doorway, holding a candle. "You told them?" she asked anxiously. Deborah shook her head. "Someone rode in. I thought it was Dr. Prescott."

"I wouldn't have stood in the way of your happiness if you'd seen it with Todd," her mother said. "But I'm grateful you sent him away. I'm thinking how proud your father would be that you've stood by your own people. You've got his coloring."

Deborah slid her arms around her mother, and they stood there till the girl suddenly remembered: "Giles left that powder where the soldiers are sure to see it." She ran for the stairs. "I'll get a dress on," she called.

Alarm guns were thudding across the meadows now, and from her window Deborah could see men running in the moonlight. She came down and joined her mother, and they started for the barn. At first they intended to roll the barrels under the hay. But Mrs. Clark objected that the soldiers would be sure to poke bayonets there. "The herb bed!" Deborah cried. "We'll put the seedlings back afterward, and no one will ever guess."

They'd just finished lifting the plants when a squad of militia, armed with shovels, arrived on the double. "It's about time some of you folks remembered," Mrs. Clark scolded.

While they dug, the men told the little they had learned from Prescott. He'd been calling on a girl near Lexington, and was on his way home when two Boston men, Paul Revere and William Dawes, had overtaken him with their news of the regulars. The three of them had been busy rousing farmers, when they ran into some British officers with pistols. Prescott thought Revere and Dawes had been captured, but he'd put his horse over a stone wall and got away. That was all he knew — just that the regulars were coming out.

The sky was pale with dawn when Deborah and her mother finished putting back the last of the seedlings. The minute companies had started

reconnoitering down the Lexington road, while women and children anxiously crowded the square.

Deborah was in the doorway when she saw a squad of minute men approaching from the North Bridge. They must have been hiding more powder up that way. Then she saw one of the men start toward her, and knew it was Giles. She could see there was excitement in his eyes — but deadness behind them, too.

He looked at her steadily. "I had to stop a minute, Deborah," he said.

Her heart went warm: "I'm glad, Giles."

"I had to tell you that no matter what you do, I know your heart will be with us."

SHE looked at him in surprise. "You got mad yesterday when I called you a Tory," he went on doggedly. "I got to figuring about that last night. It's what your heart tells you that's right. Your heart told you to be a patriot before you thought. It made me glad, even with your marrying Todd."

Her lashes blinked against tears. "Todd came here last night," she said, "and I sent him away."

The deadness went out of his eyes, and he took a step toward her. Then he faltered and moved back. "A man's no right at this moment to say what's in his heart," he muttered.

She felt all her senses lift. Suddenly the tension was snapped, as though peace had come over the village in this dawn of conflict. "Don't tell me Parliament has taken away *that* liberty," she said.

A slow smile turned the corners of his mouth; then he laughed, and she stepped toward him from the door. A golden morning was about them, with high clouds driving across the sky from the east. "You grew cold and strange," she said, "and I have to have warmth, Giles. That was what made me think I loved Todd."

His arms tightened, and then they heard the drums. "I'm not afraid for us," she told him before he left. "I've given you back laughter, Giles." The drums rolled more insistently, but there was peace in her heart.

There was other music then — deeper, more strident — and far down the road Deborah caught her first glimpse of the regulars. Her mother heard the drums, too, and came out to stand in the doorway of her house. The sun flashed against red coats with bright facings, and on the high, pointed hats of the Grenadiers.

The Provincial force was passing the house now, heading for the hill beyond the North Bridge. She saw Giles in the ranks, his sleeves rolled up, his musket in his hand.

"There's Giles, Mother," Deborah said proudly. "See? He's smiling."

HER eyes followed the patriots up the road, where the head of the column was already turning west across the bridge. The British were nearer now, the beat of their drums echoed by the stiff tread of marching feet.

Deborah kept her face turned toward the bridge. Giles wouldn't be smiling now. But the smile would be in his heart — on this nineteenth day of April and all the days to come. She remembered his words, "Funny thing is, the liberty side has always won."

The End

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

New Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds beats soap at saving work! **DISHES, GLASSWARE GLEAM WITHOUT WIPING!**

● Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Just rinse, and dishes, glassware dry sparkling clear without time-wasting wiping. This new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds cuts grease faster, more completely than soap . . . Pots, pans cleaned with less effort! Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

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Vel is not a soap but an entirely new and different suds that is completely neutral . . . milder than soap. Your hands will love Vel's mildness.

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Stockings look sheerer, fresher colored, lovelier longer . . . washed with Vel! Vel leaves no soap scum to thicken stocking threads. Does away with soap-fading . . . It's easier than soap on delicate washable colors.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

WHAT is more inspiring than a birthday gathering of little tots? The smiling faces, the joyous shouts, the bloody noses?

Cartoonist Howard Sparber gives a running commentary on a party that he recently attended. The sketches were finished up in a local hospital, where Mr. Sparber was licking his wounds. — *The Cartoon Editor.*

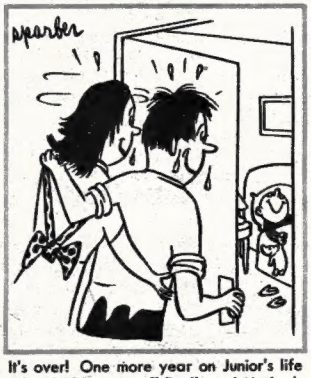
At his sixth birthday party, Junior greets his guests affectionately at the door

Opening presents is an engrossing ritual. Breakable items are quickly disposed of

The always-popular Donkey Game is even more hilarious when Dad participates

Blowing out the candles on the birthday cake is Junior's fleeting moment of glory

Parting is such sweet sorrow . . . but finally the last lingering guest bids adieu



It's over! One more year on Junior's life — and 10 apiece off Dad's and Mother's

by Howard Sparber and Raymond Abrashkin

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS

Within two seconds after leaving the bow, an archer's arrow has raced 300 feet through space!

Test shows how fast Bayer Aspirin disintegrates in your stomach!

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When an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain is making you miserable, use Bayer Aspirin for fast relief. As millions know, it's one thing that really works *quickly*... actually is ready to go to work in *two seconds!*

The reason Bayer Aspirin gives you this amazing 2-second speed is that when Bayer Aspirin is made, **three important steps are taken... not just one.**

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So ask for genuine Bayer Aspirin...and use it with *confidence!* Don't forget—**of all pain relievers, none can match its record** of use by millions of normal people...without ill effect!

Always ask for genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!

Before

After

This picture, taken from life, and enlarged hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot, was made before contact with Absorbine Jr. This is the growth that lives on stale perspiration, dead skin, the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, taken after contact with Absorbine Jr. You can see how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause you pain with every step.

Look for **Cracks between your toes**

It's the excessive perspiration between your toes that invites an attack of Athlete's Foot. This common summer condition irritates tender skin often to the point where it cracks and flakes away in moist shreds. The ever-present organisms which cause Athlete's Foot multiply and attack raw flesh through the open cracks. Every step is agony!

Apply **Absorbine Jr. full strength**

Apply Absorbine Jr., night and morning, at the first sign of cracks between toes. It kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. Guard against reinfection: Don't share towels or bath mats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases consult a physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. **It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.**
2. **It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**
3. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.**
4. **It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.**

Absorbine Jr.

Play Safe!

Daily Hygiene! Help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for relieving sore, aching muscles. At all drugstores. $1.25 a bottle.

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